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SPECIALTY SURGERY
45 SOUTH MAIN STREET
HEBER CITY, UTAH 84032
PHONE 654-1822

June 16, 1984

Faun Mickelson
144 South 100 West
Heber City, Utah 84032

Dear Faun;

Could you please bring over to my office the history on Albert Sharp and his wife.

I will copy and return them to you immediately.

We are so anxious to complete our work on the Heber Hospital book which must include the stories of Albert Sharp.

Sincere best wishes,

R. Raymond Green MD

R. Raymond Green, M.D.

RRG/ld

She brot hist. & Funeral Records
I copied them
LuAnn Retd them to her 20 June 1984

HISTORY OF ALFRED SHARP

Alfred Sharp, son of Jonathan and Annie Jowett Sharp, was born on February 19, 1886, in his parents' home on the corner of First South and Fourth West in Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah. He was the youngest of ten children, and one out of the four who lived to be an adult and get married. Six children, including twins Mary and William, died of diptheria in 1880. They were all very young and were not living when Dad was born.

Dad's father and mother were both of English descent. His father Jonathan was born in Brotherton, Yorkshire, England, and his mother Annie was born in Leeds, Yorkshire, England. They were married in Leeds in 1868. Dad's mother joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. His father never did join the Church; so, of course, there was friction. They just didn't get along too well. Dad's father spent a lot of his time in his latter years with his older son James who lived in Wyoming and run cattle and farmed. Dad's mother stayed in Heber. She had her English friends, and they would get together and have their tea and muffins.

We don't know anything about Dad's infancy until the time of his very unfortunate accident. While on a trip to the woods to cut their winter's supply of logs, his leg started hurting. The doctors called it "white swelling", and amputation above the knee was necessary to save Dad's life. He suffered extreme pain for months. He had to learn to use a crutch, which caused boils under his arm. He had pain throughout his life from losing his limb, as any amputee will verify.

Dad spent a lot of time over to Aunt Lottie Van Wagoner's in Midway. He would tend her children sometimes, and Aunt Lottie's older children remember him well. Dad learned to play the mandolin and sing. He used to get together with friends who played and sang. The group consisted of his two cousins, Jowett and Stewart Fortie, Henry Van Wagoner who played the banjo, and George Provost who played the guitar. They used to have dramas (three-act plays) and a lot of homemade fun. Plays were taken to other small towns nearby like Charleston, Kamas and Wallsburg. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" and "Way Down South in Dixie" were two popular songs at that time. Dad couldn't dance, but he had fun singing and playing the mandolin.

Dad stayed with a friend and went to high school. One day a new girl by the name of Eugenia Michie came to their apartment to deliver a letter she had brought from Tabby from his friend's folks. This was the first time Dad ever saw Mother. Dad asked her to go see a play and she accepted. Mother worked for Mrs. Jones in her millinery shop for three years. She then went over to Midway and worked for Lettie Bronson, who run a boarding house for the miners.

On July 8, 1911, Dad and Mother were out buggy riding when Dad said to Mother, I'll back you out getting married." Mother said, "You can't." Dad said, "I can." They just kept saying that until four o'clock then they decided to get married. After borrowing $2.00 to get a license, they went to President Jay Jensen who performed the ceremony. Dad promised Mother they would have their first waltz in Heaven. Dad then took

Mother to his home to meet his mother for the first time. The home was on the corner of First South and Fourth West where the Mangum home now stands in Heber City. She didn't even "jaw" them.

Dad had an artificial limb but didn't use it as it was much easier for him to use the crutch. Mother found the limb one day but she couldn't stand to look at it so she put it out on the street to be hauled to the trash pile. It must have fallen off the wagon for someone drug it back as they thought Mr. Sharp could use it; so Mother had to put it out again.

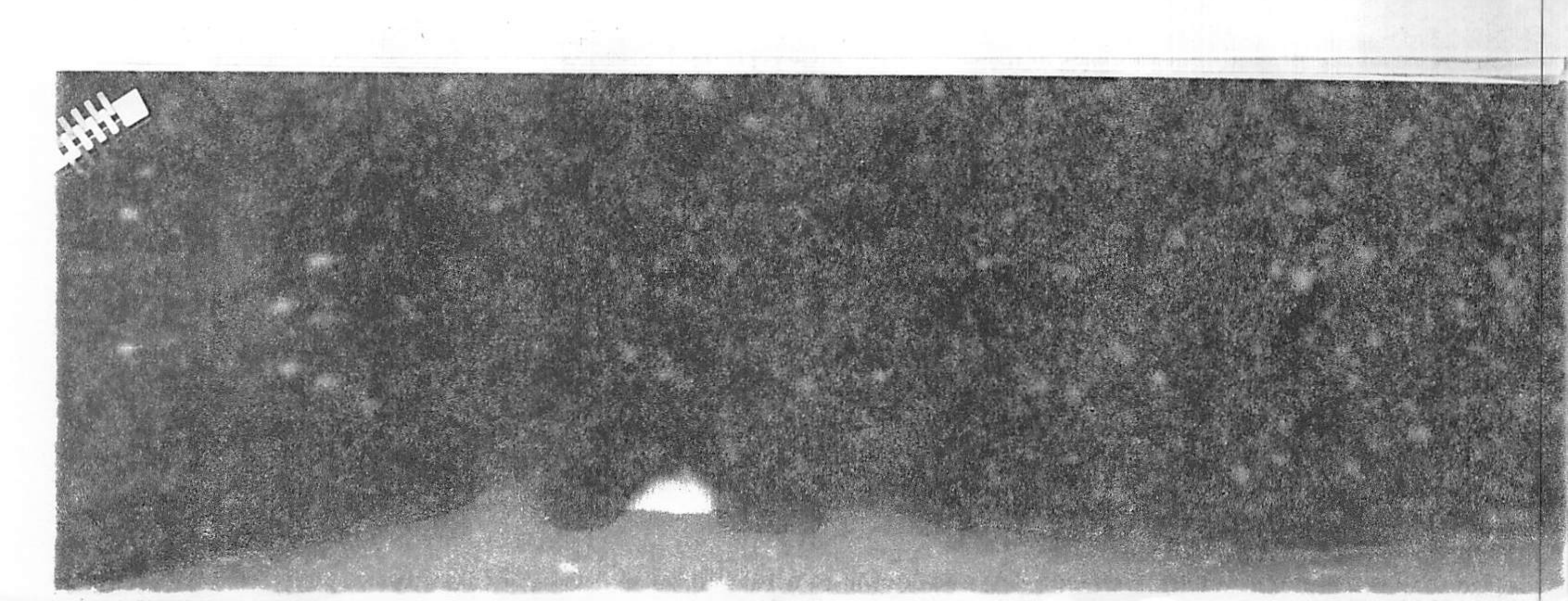
Dad went back to school to learn more about bookkeeping. He worked for Simon Epperson for awhile, then he went to work at the Heber Mercantile for Jay Jensen. He was then elected to be the Wasatch County Clerk and Recorder and Clerk of the Fourth Judicial Court. He also helped the County Treasurer. He worked in the courthouse for the rest of his life without anyone running on the ticket against him for 33 years. Dad was able to go up the stairs in the courthouse to the courtrooms with his crutch under one arm and a big heavy record book under the other with no free arm to balance him. He was able to lift himself on his crutch up and over the counter in the recorder's office with ease. Dad used a crutch more gracefully than anyone I have ever seen.

We three children (Fenton LaMont, Nathola Faun, and Emery LaMar) were all born in the little old house on the corner where Dad was born. We lived there until after Grandma Sharp died. When Dad got his job with the county, we moved to a larger house on Second North between First and Second West. We called it the "Jordan House". Dad used to hire a horse and white-top rig and take us all out to Tabby to see Aunt Myrtle and Grandma Michie. Mother would fix a lunch and we would stop up on Wolf Creek Pass to eat. It was beautiful up there. We sometimes camped overnight and slept in a tent on a bed of pine boughs.

Fent used to run away and go fishing, so Dad would have to spank him. He was told if he didn't quit running away he would get a "licking", and Dad would stand on his crutch and kick Fent's butt with his foot. LaMar and I used to see him use a razor strap on Fent to try and get him to break the habit of running away. Dad used to go fishing a lot. He specially loved to fly fish. He could follow the riffles and never slip or fall on the rocks. He always brought home fish. He would go down to Casper's and Brown's pastures. Fent and LaMar use to go about twice a week and Dad as often as he could. Mother would go with him and take her handwork and work on it until dark.

Dad soon got a car and learned to manage the clutch and brake and shifting. He could handle it really well. Dad never bought anything on "time" except his home. He always saved and his car was paid for when he got it. Mother was the same way; she couldn't stand to owe anyone even a nickel.

Dad couldn't participate in sports, but he surely loved to watch. He took LaMar every place he went when he played baseball and basketball in high school and later on for Penney Beverage in Salt Lake. Dad kept score for the Heber baseball team for years and went every place with them.



When Dad bought Emer Murdock's house at 132 West Center Street, he could walk the one and one-third blocks to work. He could use the push mower on the lawn and wash his car alone. He, Uncle Earn Allen, and LaMar used to go deer hunting clear down to Mayfield and Beaver. They would camp in the meadow and Dad would walk across it and up the hill aways and sit under a big pine. When he went up Lake Creek hunting, he would ride a horse up so far and then get off and sit under a bush or pine and wait for someone to drive the deer down the gully. He most always got his deer, so we generally had meat and fish in the locker down at "Smith's Grocery and Meals".

Dad and Mother used to be real friendly with Jess and Emma Nelson and their family. We would eat together once a week - one week at our house and the next at their place. Emma made the best homemade ice cream and cake, and mother used to make the best fruit salad and cakes. We used to go with the Nelsons out to Strawberry Valley to gather the cattle. We camped by a creek out there. We carved our initials on the quaking asp trees and watched the big trout that came up the little streams to spawn. We sometimes went down Provo Canyon and camped for several days. The mothers would stay with the kids and the two dads would go to Heber to work and then come back in the evening. We camped right by the railroad tracks, and the earth shook when the train passed.

Dad had to go to the hospital to have his tonsils out, and it really turned out to be a major operation. When the doctor went to remove his tonsils, they were so full of pus it flew out and covered the doctor's glasses. Dad was an older man and his blood was so thin he started to hemmorhage. They had to sew sponges in his throat and he had to stay in the hospital for a few days to be watched closely. It was a nasty situation. Dad also went to Dr. Pyatt's Salt Lake Clinic to get help. He would take a treatment and then stay at Faun's place for a day or two and then go back for another treatment. Dad lived a full and happy life even though he had a lot of pain.

As Dad got older, he would make an appointment to go fishing with Charlie Madsen at his boat camp out to Strawberry Reservoir. Charlie's son Frank would take Dad trolling and he used to bring home really big fish. LaMar use to go with him; Faun also went. Sometimes Dad would get the early morning fishing, then come in have "the best breakfast in the world" - hot cakes, sausage and ham, hash brown potatoes, hot biscuits, eggs or cereal. He would have a siesta for an hour or two and then go out on the lake again for the evening fishing. For several years Dad had a "standing" appointment at Madsen's every Wednesday during the fishing season.

It seemed that Dad was always called to work with records. He was ward clerk for a long time. He was also superintendent of the Heber Second Ward Sunday School. He held the office of a High Priest in the Church.

Dad was very well liked. I don't know of a soul who didn't like him. He knew everyone in Wasatch County and many people throughout the State in county government. People who met Dad never forgot him, not only because he used a crutch but because of his personality. He was jolly, friendly, dependable, and a man who kept his word. His honesty and devotion to his work, his family, and friends are all reasons Dad was remembered.

No one ever had a greater, kinder Dad or a better example set for them than we three kids. We were taught right, and the right examples were set for us by both parents.

On the ninth of November, 1948, Dad went to work but came home a little earlier than usual and went straight to bed for he didn't feel too well. I don't remember the events from then on, only that mother called Ammon Van wagoner, our cousin, to come and be with her. She must have sensed the closeness of Dad's leaving this life and didn't want to be alone. As I remember, it was between 9 and 12 o'clock p.m. when I received a call that Dad had passed on. I remember mother's telling me that she believed Dad's mother came for him, for he said, "Oh, mother, I am so sick."

Dad was laid away so nice - everything was the very best. Mother wouldn't have it any other way. I remember viewings were held in the homes back in those days, so people came to the house to pay their respects to him, mother, and us kids.

Dad had so many beautiful flowers the house wouldn't hold them, and the Stake House was overflowing with family, relatives and friends. Many good things were said that day about Dad and every word was true.

Written by - -

Faun and LaMar
(April 1980)

HISTORY OF DELLA EUGENIA MICHIE SHARP

"My history is being dictated by me on May 19, 1974 to my daughter-in-law, Mar's wife Helen.

"I was born in a peaceful little valley called Woodland in Summit County, Utah, which was later in Wasatch County. I was born November 2, 1886, the oldest daughter of Robert Moroni Michie and Elena Dorothy Lambert. The house where I was born was just a two-room house. I think it was made of logs, but I don't remember much about that. I do know the house I grew up in was built just a short distance from the one I was born in. It was much larger - we had an upstairs and the kids (three brothers and eight sisters) slept up there. It had a beautiful lawn and trees all around with flowers on each side of the walk. It was painted yellow and trimmed in white with a big bay window in the West end. We held our theaters there. We had no electricity or well; we had water that came down in a little ditch once a week. We had to haul all of our drinking water from a spring about a block away.

"I can remember the day Myrtle was born. I was one and one-half years old, and it was the longest day I ever spent in my life. They wouldn't let me in the room where mother was; that's what made it so long. They didn't have cradles for babies then. They made a bed in the rocking chair, and I had to rock Myrtle in the chair. I used to play on a buffalo robe my grandmother brought across the plains.

"Since I was the oldest child in the family, I had to help a lot on the farm until my brothers were able to. I've always said, 'I've done everything on a farm but brand cattle'. I run the mower, the reaper, the harrower, the hayfork, milked the cows, fed the cattle, and I don't know what all. One time father had cleared off a three-acre patch of sagebrush, and we had bonfires on it. The next day I was driving a team of horses and riding on the seat of the harrow. We drove through the center of the place where the fire had been and there were still enough hot coals to start burning the horses' feet. Instead of running they started to dance. I screamed and father came as fast as he could. If they had started to run, they would have dumped me off and run over me. Father was always there when needed.

"Another time we were milking the cows, and we had turned the calves out to water so the cows and calves wouldn't be together. A dog came and got after the calves and the cows went wild in the corral. I got knocked flat. I thought a dog did it, but it was a cow, it seems; and she jumped up and down on my back four or five times. Father got me out, but I felt the effect of that for several weeks. I've had two or three close escapes in my day, but my father was always there to rescue me.

"Father farmed, sold milk and eggs and things like that so he could buy sugar, beans and other staples. Father was very patient and very kind. I never saw my mother and dad get angry and mean with each other. I guess maybe they did once in awhile, but I don't remember ever seeing them. Mother would always say to us, 'Well, now, your father will be tired when he comes home; let us feed the horses; let us have the wood all packed in,

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chopped up, or something like that, so he won't have to do it when he gets home'. She was always trying to think of something to help dad out, and father was always the same way with mother. If we weren't ready to go where we were suppose to, he would pitch in and help. I never heard him get angry. I always got a doll for Christmas. I got one every year of my life until I was 18. My last doll was about four inches high, and had long hair and glass eyes that would go to sleep. For Christmas we made circles, moons, and stars covered them with tinsel for decorations. We used to save every bit of tinsel we could get hold of. Sometimes we used popcorn to decorate, or made paper chain circles. We always had plum pudding on Christmas Day, and always got a big candy animal. I would take a lick on mine every day and it would last for months.

"My mother used to card wool to put in quilts. I remember her doing that lots of time. We bought our thread and cloth and most of our clothing at Alma Warr's store in Kamas. He had everything in that store you could imagine, but we had to ask for whatever we wanted as he was the only one who could find anything. Mr. King had a store up there, too. We could buy most anything we needed if we could afford it.

"We never were wealthy, but we never went hungry. We had to work really hard for what we had. We lived such a long way from school I didn't get to go until my third sister was six years old. I was twelve then. My parents had taught me to read, write, and do arthmetic; so my sister next to me and I were in the same class. Our first school only lasted six weeks. The way I remember it is that we had to walk. The next year our neighbors and our family got together, and they furnished the team of horses and us the sleigh. We had to walk every morning through the field over to their place, then we would ride three miles to school. It was pretty cold in the winter, but we had a lot of fun.

"Our neighbor's daughter, Edna Coe, and I became very close friends, which lasted for many years. My school teacher's name was Lawrence Brigham Duke from Heber. In our English class he would have us act out sentences such as 'I can run. I can jump, etc.' Later on I remember we lived much closer to school. We walked most of the time and sometimes we would stay all night with Grandma Michie. I remember some of my school teachers' names: Nelly Martin taught us the Red, White and Blue march; Mina Gray had a nice way of disciplining; Eli A. Day taught us a lot about music; Hyrum G. Smith, father of Eldridge Smith the Church Patriarch, taught me a lot about drawing. He asked me to draw a picture for him. I did; it was of two merry brown thrushes building a nest. He held it up for the whole class to see. Oh, I sure was embarrassed. Brother Smith was a very humble man. He always opened school with prayer every morning. He once told me I would make a good missionary.

"I had good health as a child. The only diseases I had were a light case of chicken pox and the measles. In my late teens I had small-pox. My father and mother were both hard workers. I was raised on a farm. We always had a good vegetable garden. I was brought up in a home where we had family prayer. I was taught to pray, to keep the Word

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of Wisdom, to be obedient and to work. When I was about 13 or 14, something like that, we used to go to Sunday School in what we called the 'old automobile." Actually, it was a surrey with three seats and fringe on the top. It was a big one, as long as this kitchen or more. We always had to hunt the horses first as we didn't have a pasture where they could graze. We would hook them up to the old surrey and away we'd go. We never passed anybody up; and by the time we got to Sunday School, we had kids on the running boards and even riding the horses. It was funny to look at. You'd have laughed; you couldn't help it.

"I used to step out with the neighbor's brother. He was the only boy in town who had a new buggy and a nice fast horse. We had lots of fun having good buggy rides and things like that.

"One night when it was just getting dark I was going along on the only road I could go on to get home. I was frightened about the mountain lions that had been seen; so I just went along real quiet and careful, hoping and praying I would be all right. I got close to the spot and the knife of a mower by the side of the road had been raised up, and I thought it was a mountain lion standing up on its hind feet. I was so scared I didn't know what to do; they later killed a mountain lion right in that vicinity. Another night my boy friend and I stood at the gate and talked a little while, and a scatter of snow came on the ground. Our neighbor had seen bear tracks when he had been hunting. He tracked that bear, and it had stood right where we had been; then it had turned and gone up in the Basin. It was killed and he was a big one - reached from one bend of the bobsled to the other. The neighbor man skinned it and had it made into a great big overcoat.

"We ordered an organ from Sears, Roebuck and Company, and I thought it was never going to get here. It finally came to Park City, and we had to go from Woodland to get it. This was the first time us kids ever saw the train. The horses were afraid of it so father tied them to the back of the wagon, and he walked up to the depot. When the train left, he took the horses and us kids up and we got the organ. It had an extra octave, was real nice and long; had a high top with a big mirror in it - was really nice. No one around had anything to compare with it. It doesn't seem as if it cost $100. Myrtle later thad it out to Hannah in her home; she had taken a few organ lessons from Mr. Day, a school teacher. Dad could pick out tunes on anything he ever picked up.

"Every Sunday young people would come to our place or to Murphy's. We both had a big swing. Sizemores also lived next door to us in Woodland. Five of us, three girls and two boys, used to sing together quite regularly.

"I had some very dear girl friends; namely, Edna Coe, Eva Pack, and Edith Apgood. Edna's boy friend and my boy friend were cousins, and we all four used to go out together a lot. We had such fun sleigh riding and going to dances. Eva and I were always doing something crazy; she was so much fun. She and I used to go out with Dr. Danningberg's brother. I wouldn't go with him unless he took Eva; and she wouldn't go without me, so he took us both.

"When I was a kid we had to make our own fun, so almost every night we would sing and dance; then we used to have plays and mother and dad would be the audience. We would watch somebody else dance and then practice the fancy steps at home so we could do them when we went out. My sister and I and the girls we were chummy with, if we'd meet a stranger at a dance, would say, 'We have a friend. Would you care to meet her?' He would say, 'I'd love to.' By introducing strangers to our friends, they would enjoy themselves. One night up in Kamas there were six of us went to the dance and it snowed. We had to go six miles to get home, so we tied the horses' lines to the sleigh, covered up under the quilts and let the horses take us home; but the horses went through the wrong gate and took us down in the field. It was so late we were all afraid to go home for fear we'd get spanked or something. Our closet door would always squeak by Ma's bed to go up to our room. We couldn't put one over on mother. She never slept until we were in bed and asleep, so we didn't stay out that late very often.

"We used to go to a dance once a week at least. I'd rather dance than anything in the world. If I could dance and sing like I want to, I'd be happy; but I can't even sing lullabies any more. My sister Myrtle and I sang every place we went. They would coax and coax us - that's the worst part; we had to be coaxrd. Edna Coe, the girl we chummed with, also sang with us quite a bit as a trio. One of our favorite songs was 'Redwing':

"There once lived an Indian maid
A shy little prairie maid,
Who sang a-lay, a love song gay
As on the plain she'd while away the day
She loved a warrior bold,
This shy little maid of old,
But brave and gay, he rode one day
To battle far away

She watched for him day and night.
She kept all the campfires bright,
And under the sky
Each night she would lie
And dream about his coming by and by
But when all the braves returned
The heart of Red Wing yearned
For far away her warrior gay
Fell bravely in the fray.

(Chorus)

Now the moon shines tonight
on pretty Red Wing,
The breeze is sighing
The night bird's crying
For a far neath his star her
brave is sleeping
While Red Wing's weeping
her heart away.

(Words by Thurland Chattaway)
(Music by Kerry Mills - 1907)

"We used to have the 'Star Light' two-step and the 'Moon Light' waltz. When they danced the 'Star Light' two-step, they would stick little things in your hair then turn the lights down kinda low; and as you danced these little things would glisten and sparkle when you were two-steppin' around. For the 'Moon Light' waltz, they would turn the lights down just kinda like moonlight in the hall.

"I did all kinds of housework and worked away from home a great deal; first for 50¢ a week then $4.00, which was the most I ever got. I

worked for a neighbor lady all day long for 50¢ tending babies, washing dishes, and scrubbing floors. It was during haying season and they had a big farm and two or three hired men to help. This was my first experience working away from home. I didn't get rich - couldn't even keep yourself in hose in those days, and you could get cotton hose for 10¢. They didn't have silk ones then, you know.

"My sister Myrtle and I cooked at the sawmill up in Yellow Pine - that canyon east of Kamas. We saved our money until Christmas. We then had $40 to spend, so we thought we were millionnaires. We also brought a Christmas tree home with us. I worked up another canyon with Eva Pack and Edith Apgood, but that wasn't a sawmill. It was a logging camp, or something, at the foot of Wolf Creek. We cooked and washed dishes for about ten or twelve men, and they ate an awful lot of food. We had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and didn't get to bed until almost midnight. Every Sunday we had to make plum pudding and the sauce to go on it. Eva was always doing something crazy, but she didn't do this on purpose. We had made sauce in one of those big frying pans with a handle about 36 inches long. The guys were ready for their pudding and Eva went to get it; she knocked the handle on the pan and the sauce ended up all over the floor - what a mess! I'll never forget it. They had to wait until we cleaned the mess up and made some more sauce.

"I don't know how I happened to go to work in Park City - I believe I went to see a friend who lived over there and she got me a job. The woman I worked for kept boarders. They worked different shifts in the mines, so we had to cook, set tables, and wash dishes from morning to night; besides that, we had to scrub the dirty towels on the board. I'm telling you, I worked when I stayed with that woman. It was the hardest work I ever did. She didn't have anything electric except the bulbs in the ceiling. To this day, the mention of a lunch bucket makes me tired. I had to wash the buckets; the other lady put up the lunch. I stayed with her a year then she gave up her bunch of men. Her daughter, who lived across Silver Creek from her, took over. She said to me, 'You told mother you would only do plain cooking.' Now I had to make pies and cakes for her, but she was good to me. She got up early every other morning and let me sleep a couple of hours. Her mother wouldn't do this. I had to get up every morning at 4 o'clock. There's sure a lot of difference in the people you work for. If you know they even care, it makes the work easier.

"I was about 18 when I went out to Tabby with Myrtle and George when they got married. I evidently figured on staying three weeks as that's all the clothing I took; but I got snowed in and didn't get back until the next spring. I was working for Mrs. Woodward in Kamas then, but she always went to stay with her son in Salt Lake, so I went out there for a visit. I was coming back to work for Alice Jones (Uncle Rollo's mother) in Heber City to learn the milner's trade - making and trimming hats. When I got there the next spring, I worked in the house part of the day and out in the shop the other half. It was fascinating work. I always loved pretty hats. I worked for her for three years, then I went over to Midway to work for Mrs. Lettie Bronson - 'just cooked and housekeeped'. She run a little store, and she took care of that. I did the work in the house.

"When I came in from the reservation to work for Alice Jones, there was a boy in here going to high school; and some of his folks from the reservation sent a letter with me to deliver to this boy. Alfred was living with him and some other boys - boarding and going to high school. Alfred's folks were divorced. This is the first time I ever saw him. I thought he was a nice looking guy - looked just like I wanted a guy to look that I'd marry; had dark eyes and dark wavy hair - always looked neat; that's what I always wanted.

"There were three boy friends in my life. One of them wanted me to run away and get married, but that was a 'no, no'. He was a good kid but I just did not like that way of doing things. He had a horse and buggy; that was pretty rare thing in those days. The other one was a real swell dancer, with dark wavy hair and brown eyes, which I have always wanted; but when I met Alfred I felt he was different. He had more things about him that I wanted in a husband. I can't remember our first date - but I do remember sluffing another guy to go out with him. Alfred asked me to go to a play with him in Heber, but another guy (Charlie Anderson) had asked me. I told Erma Jones I would rather go with Alfred, and she said 'I'll fix it for you.' And she did. Alfred and I went to the play and the other guy came in.

"Alfred lost his leg a long time before I knew him. He never liked to talk about it too much, and I never liked to ask him. About the only thing I know is that he went to the canyon one day with his dad and said that his leg hurt him. The doctors called it a white swelling. I don't know what that is, but they had to take his leg off. Lots of people thought I was crazy to be taken with someone who had lost a leg; but I said, 'I don't care; that's what I want.' Instead of being discouraged, I was encouraged when I found out how many things he could do that I never thought he'd be able to. I thought, 'Well, I like him enough to be willing on wait on him.' You know how you are when you think something's right, but I never did feel sorry I married him.

"I was living over to Midway and Alfred and I went for a ride one day. They had a livery stable in Heber and Alfred would hire a horse and buggy. There was only one car in the whole valley then; that was Charlie Anderson's (the guy I had the date with). Well, one day we went for a buggy ride, and he says, 'I'll back you out about getting married." I said, 'You can't.' He said, 'I can.' We just kept saying that until about 4 o'clock on July 8, 1911, then we got a license and got President Jay Jensen to marry us. He was the best writer in the town, and I wanted a good writer to write on our marriage certificate. We went down to see Alfred's mother then. (She lived down there in the old house about where Mangums live today. Mostly she lived with Aunt Lottie in Midway. Alfred's dad lived in Wyoming.) I had never seen Grandma Sharp before, and I thought I'd never seen anybody with such large eyes in my life. She didn't 'jaw' us a bit, though.

"We moved in with Grandma and Alfred went back to school until he was good enough to work in an office. He then worked for Simon Epperson for awhile, then in the Heber Mercantile with Jay Jensen, then after that he got elected as the County Clerk and worked there the rest of his life. He never had anybody go against him for the job.

When Fent was born, he looked just like his dad - had real dark hair and brown eyes. I had to stay in bed three months after his birth because of my legs. I don't think any of them knew what I had; they called it infected veins.

When our oldest child was 8 months old we went to the Tempel and were married the rite way and had our little boy sealed to us. When ever I was alone I had such a strong feeling that something was going to happen to Alfred or Fenton, that is our little boy. Mother was trying to get us to go, so we tried to save up enough money to take us to the Tempel we had to go on the train, to Salt Lake city then and stay over nite to the hotel, take Grandma Sharp with us to care for the little boy so she could have him their in the sealing room when we needed him, O I was so happy to have that done, that awful feeling of loosing one of them was taken intirely away from me and I had a feeling of pice. sometime later my mother told me she had a dream, that one of them would have been taken if I hadnt of gone, to humble me. When we were first married we knew that the thing for us to do would be to start things out rite so My Husband and I settled down for family prayer he prayed the first time, then it was my turn next. I remember how frightend I was, but I did it. after a while it became much easier. I found out it was much easier to do things the way our heavenly Father has ast us to do.

"We had a scarey little experience with electricity when Fent was a baby. It might have killed the whole bunch, but didn't. My sister Hilda was staying with us and going to school and Grandma Sharp was there. We had just had supper. In Grandma's house the door from the front room opened out into the kitchen. On the west side the transformer came into the house, and Grandmother Sharp was sitting on the left side right under the transformer. Alfred and I were on the east side. Alfred had Fent in his arms trying to get him to sleep. My sister Hilda was standing by the cabinet in the kitchen washing dishes - near the window. It thundered and lightning was flashing all over outside. Then all of a sudden in came a big ball of lightning by the transformer in front of grandma. It was as big around as a tub--just like a big ball of fire. It lit and bounced like a ball, then rolled out in front of Alfred and me, went in the kitchen, and then turned and went out of the window. It went every way it could to miss us. About scared us to death!

"When I had Faun, I got along just swell. She was a cute little scamp - born the day Mrs. Jeffs was buried. She was not quite as dark as Fenton but had brown eyes, too. When LaMar came, I thought he was just as cute. I didn't care whether he had blue eyes, which he did, or brown; but I did want brown eyes when Fent came. I'm glad Faun had brown, too, as she was a girl; but I am glad Mar had blue because then we had a brown-eyed boy and a blue-eyed boy. We had three beautiful children, two sons and one daughter, all born in Grandma Sharp's house.

"I moved five times in my married life. When we left Grandma Sharp's, we rented Emma Jordan's house on Second North between First and Second West. It was up the street and across the road from where George Nelson lived - also the street where the creamery was. We moved to the Barnes' house, and then to the Lindsay house in the Third Ward on First South between First and Second East - just East of the big John Anderson house. Dad sold insurance on-the-side, and things began to get much better for us financially and so we bought Emer Murdock's place at 132 West Center Street. Then in the early forties, about 1943, we bought our present home at 144 South First West in Heber City because it had central heat and was much easier for Alfred to take care of.

"We would go out to Aunt Jane's house in Melbourne, Wyoming. She would immediately call all her children and tell them Aunt Gene and Uncle Alfred were and to come and bring their kids. She would tell them what to do and they minded. We would have beds all over the house in every room and used every stitch of bedding, even coats. There was a night a couple came that got lost. Aunt Jane had them come in; she found some old coats and made a bed for them, too. Then she made breakfast for all of us. Aunt Jane was the darndest woman. One night when we were there it was so cold she put a hot water bottle in bed with us. They were the kissingest people I ever knew. Aunt Jane kneeled on the bed to kiss Alfred and broke the hot water bottle and water went all over the bed; I never saw a hot water bottle go so far in my life - even went through the mattress. We had to string lines all over the house to dry the bedding. The first few times we went to Wyoming we would go over to Park City and wait for the train. We would go on the regular train to Echo Junction, then get on a fast train with lots of strangers and ride up Echo Canyon to Evanston to Clarence and Hazel's. Uncle Jim would come there and take us out to Melbourne. He always put ice up in bins with sawdust, and every time we were there they would make homemade ice cream.

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"When Fenton was on his mission in the northwest, we had the privilege of going to Portland, Oregon, to visit him. We met some of the Saints and the people he stayed with and attended several Church services. He was allowed to go with us for a couple of days, and he took us on sort of a tour of the mission. When I got back I was asked to talk in church. I just knew I couldn't do it, but I did and took up most of the time.

"I had another experience with electricity, and I really believe I'd have been a dead Injun if I hadn't done what I did. This has only been about ten years ago. I'd had supper and piled the dishes in the sink. Ordinarily I would have been standing by the sink with my hands in the dishwater; instead I was watching television. The show was 'The Last Voyage.' All of a sudden there was the loudest noise I ever heard and the T.V. went out. I thought, 'My gracious, it sounds like the Russians are turned loose.' It scairt me so for a minute I didn't know what to think. I ran out on the porch and Neil Montgomery was there. There was water all over the kitchen floor as lightning had struck the roof and made a hole in the ceiling. It blew out the telephone, the doorbell, the furnace downstairs, the T.V., and I don't know what else. Neil and I walked all over outside but couldn't see fire anywhere. I sure had a mess to clean up all that water. Mar had to come up and fix the corner of my house where a hunk had been knocked out of the roof.

"I have worked in the Church most of my life. Before marriage I was a teacher in the Primary and secretary in the Sunday School in the Woodland Ward. I never went to Relief Society until the kids got big enough to stay home and mind their business as I got fed up with the noisy kids in the Third Ward. I was very active in the Relief Society most of my life, having been a Visiting Teacher for many years and also the work and business leader.

"I am what you would call a hobbyist for I love to do a number of things such as sewing, quilting, rug making, painting, flower making, crocheting, beading and set also knitting, and I love to make cushions."

"Besides other projects, we put on a quilt every month and Ella Danielson and I would finish it. We always had to mark it and bind it - the rest would go home. We sold most of the quilts and gave the money to the Relief Society.

"After the kids grew up a bit I worked as secretary in the Primary. I was also counselor in the Y.W.M.I.A. under three presidents: Ruth Dickson, Catherine Moulton, and Emma Nelson. We used to have three-act plays every year, and we would have to feed the cast between the matinee and evening performances. We made the best individual meat pies out of ground-up roast veal and pork, had hot chocolate and Emma made homemade ice cream. (Faun: "Had the best darned lunches I've ever eaten. Nellie and I used to dance between scenes, so got to eat with them between shows.")

"Both boys played baseball and Alfred kept score, so we went to lots of games all over the State. We had a Chevrolet with pinned-on curtains. Our first closed-in car was an Essex. Then Alfred bought a new Dodge practically every other year.

"we had three children two boys and one girl
Fenton Lamont married Leona Isabell 6 sons 1 daughter
Natholia Faun married Glen Hugh Nicholson 3 sons 1 daughter
Emery LaMar married Helen Murdock 2 sons
I now have 13 grandchildren and 2 great grand son"

"The Father-in-Heaven has blessed me with a family I've been proud of. Every one of them has been outstanding in some way to me.

"On November 9, 1948 Dad went to work but came home earlier than usual for he didn't feel very good. He had had some problems with his bowels and had gone to the Pyatt Clinic in Salt Lake. He had also complained of a continuous pain in his side, but he had no idea what it was. He had told my daughter Faun he was tired of pain. He had had so much of it during his life, which was certainly to be understood with his leg gone and the after pains that were created through amputation. That night he passed away in his own home, in his own bed about 10 or 11 p.m. He was finally out of pain, and he well deserved to be; but he was much too young a man to have that happen to him. He was only 62.

"I have been alone 18 years but have always kept busy with my handwork, reading, and doing things for the Church. My strong testimony of the gospel has sustained and comforted me all of my life.

"It was on Father's Day in June when Faun came up to check on me. I had been ill with a cold and cough, which developed into pneumonia. As a result, I had to go to the hospital for three weeks. I guess it was the worst thing that I ever went through, but I came out of it; however, the doctor said I needed 24-hour care for awhile so Faun came up to be with me.

(As Remembered by Faun)

Mother kept herself very busy all her life, especially in the Relief Society. Mother will always be remembered for the many beautiful things she made, including her clothes. She always added feminine touches to them that made them pretty. She was always neat and clean and dolled-up with her hat, gloves, purse, and shoes to match. The minute she got out of bed she went to the bathroom, rinsed her face, and then combed her hair. She was very proud and concerned about her appearance.

I was with Mother the last eight years of her life, and we became very close and enjoyed one another very much. We took care of each other. She had her scriptures and her crocheting by her chair all the time. Each day she read her Bible and went to her meetings up to the last day of her life.

Mother had lots of friends her age: Sister Ella Danielson, Blanche McAffee, Lula Hicken, Verna Hicken, and Bertha Jeffs are among some of those I remember. There were also many younger ladies who respected and loved her because of her sweet nature and willingness to do for others. Mother's friends were people just like her - always busy making something pretty. For years Mother put handwork in the County Fairs. She was awarded many blue ribbons and several Grand Champion ones, especially for the fillet crocheting she did. It was always perfect. Mother could detect any little flaw, and if one little mistake happened it was undone and done over. She was the same way with sewing. It was done right regardless of the amount of time it took. It seemed she could make anything she tried - beautiful flower corsages and floral bouquets. She marked, quilted and bound the most beautiful quilts one can imagine.

Mother made a lot of my clothes. She also made hats and purses to match my dresses. When Mother was 85 years old she made me a dress and she crochetted a vest with fringe all around teh bottom, a handbag and necklace to match. I got a lot of compliments on them.

Mother never complained even though she suffered extreme pain in her legs from the time my older brother Fent was born. Mother's mind was alert and she took care of herself right up to the last. The last was the day before New Year's in 1975. I remember well for I was worried all that day. School had closed for the Christmas Holidays and I had been home with her all week, but this day she seemed to be especially weak. She had been taking water pills for her legs were very swollen. She was on a liquid diet the doctor prescribed for imflammation of the lower bowels and was medicated for high blood pressure.

I tried all day long to get her out of the big chair she always sat in and into the bathroom, but I couldn't move her. Along towards evening Sister ReNee Carlile, our bishop's wife, came to the door with a nice plate of goodies, which she always brought to mother during Christmas week. She helped me get mother into the bathroom and then into her bed. I asked mother if she weren't going to take her teeth out and she said, "No." I asked, "Don't you usually take them out when you go to bed?" She said, "Yes, but not tonight." So we left them in. Mother also left the curlers in her hair just so she wouldn't have to put her hair up again for on New Year's morning we would always get up, comb our hair, have breakfast and be ready to watch the Rose Parade from Pasadena, California. Mother loved parades. ReNee asked me if I thought mother would like a blessing from the bishop, and I said, "Yes." So she called the bishop and he came and gave mother a beautiful blessing, saying to our Heavenly Father, "Thou knowest Thy Daughter's needs." It seems as if mother relaxed some.

Before Renee came, President Harold Call came down with his secretary, Ula Price, to have mother sign a deed on the house, but mother was too weak to sign. We thought she might be able to the next day, but it was never signed. All that day I called around to see what beds were available if I had to take mother to a rest home or to extended care at the hospital for I couldn't lift mother and she couldn't help me. Then I called LaMar to come up to help me know what to do. I had been on my knees praying for mother, asking my Heavenly Father to be kind to her for she was such a

good person and such a special mother. I wanted her to get feeling better and get some strength back. When LaMar came Mother talked a little to him, but she seemed so tired. The doctor came and checked her. He said she was all right, that her bowels sounded better; and they did for he let me listen to them. They were much calmer than the day I listened at the doctor's office.

When we decided to go to bed, I said to LaMar, "I think I will sleep with mother tonight." I thought with her hard breathing and leaving her teeth in all night, they might come loose and fall and choke her. Mother was in a cold sweat. I kept covering her up, and she kept pushing the covers off; so I held her hands. They seemed colder than usual, but I still didn't think of her passing. I stayed awake until 3:00 a.m. and then fell off to sleep. I came to at 6:00 a.m. on the dot, and everything seemed so peaceful I was afraid to look. I got out of bed and tiptoed in and got LaMar. He checked mother's pulse and there wasn't any. She had slipped away very peacefully for I felt no movement, and I was right by her side. Had she struggled, I would have known it. She had gone quietly to see her husband for the first time with two legs and to have her first waltz with him in heaven.

Mother was laid away so nicely. Everything was the very best and as near to what we knew she would like as possible. The viewing was held at Olpin's Mortuary, and the funeral services were held in the new Wasatch Stake building. The flowers, the words which were spoken, and the music rendered were all very beautiful and very special. Many relatives and friends attended the services. The Relief Society furnished the food when we returned from the cemetery. It was delicious and very much appreciated. Many nice things were said about mother, and they were all true. She was certainly a dear right to the very end.

IN MEMORIAM

ALFRED SHARP

Born......Heber City, Utah........February 19, 1886

Father.......Jonathan Sharp

Mother.......Annie Jowett

Married......Eugenia Michie.......July 8, 1911

Deceased.....Heber City, Utah.......November 9, 1948
11:45 P.M. Tuesday

Funeral Services......Wasatch Stake Tabernacle November 13, 1948
2 o'clock P.M. Saturday

Burial.......Heber City Cemetery.......November 13, 1948
Heber City, Utah

Survived by his wife Eugenia Sharp and the following children: Fenton Sharp, LaMar Sharp and Faun Mickelson

Services conducted in Heber City, Utah.

Prayer at home - Bishop Leonard Giles

Our Father Who art in Heaven, we have met together, our Father, at the home of brother and sister Alfred Sharp and family ~~for the purpose of participating today and giving unto~~ [illegible] attitude of our hear[illegible] hands are bowed with sorrow and our souls [illegible] yet we recognize our Father that Thou art [illegible] called one of Thy se[illegible] friend to all who knew [illegible] thank Thee our Heavenly Father, for the life of brother Sharp, for the example [illegible] for the many fine things he [illegible] all of which w[illegible] deeply appreciative of and are appreciative for the life of this [illegible]

We pray Thee, Heavenly Father, that as he leaves his home for the last time, that Alfred Sharp will be here in mortality, and they will feel ~~his presence, and we ask that~~ Thy spirit might rest down upon us in rich abundance, might especially rest upon those left of this family, who have been called upon to depart with a loved one. May Thy spirit be the companion of sister Sharp, that she may find relief from this burden through Thy will, Heavenly Father, that the family may also find that which they are in need of and that they may give unto Thee the praise, and the honor and the glory that they have been blessed to have a husband and a father, so good as was this man, as he was a leader in the earth.

Funeral services held for Alfred Sharp, Stake Tabernacle,

Saturday, November 13, 1948 at 2 o'clock P.M., Heber City, Utah.

Bishop Leonard Giles presiding and conducting the services.

Prelude - Ehtel Watson, O, My Father.

Bishop Leonard Giles -

The time has arrived, my brothers and sisters, when we should begin these services. The prayer at the home was offered by Bishop Giles, the Prelude was played by Ethel Watson and shewill also play the Postlude. The next number will be a duet by Rulon Huntington and Roy Huffaker , "Softly and Tenderly". Brother John E. Danielson will offer the opening prayer.

Duet - Roy and Rulon accompanied by Ethel Watson,

"Softly and Tenderly"

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me,
See, at the portals, He's waiting and watching
Watching for you and for me.

Come Home, come Home,
Ye who are weary, come Home,
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me.

Why should we tarry, when Jésus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me,
Why should we linger, and heed not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me.

Come Home, Come Home,
Ye who are weary, come Home,
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling
Calling for you and for me.

Prayer - John E. Danielson

Our Father Who dwells in the Heavens, we are thankful unto Thee for this beautiful day, a fitting day for the services

the children of God".

We have our greatest happiness in service of our Heavenly Father and our reward is in store, if true and faithful, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Violin trio accompanied by flute and piano - Maurine Thomas, Florine Whiting, Jean Duke, Ellen Mahoney and LaVada Harrison as accompanist.

Guy Coleman -

I have been requested by the Utah State Association of County Officials to present this Resolution to the family of their fellow worker, Alfred Sharp.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE

WHEREAS, for the past thirty-one years, ALFRED SHARP has served the people of Wasatch County as their County Clerk, and

WHEREAS, for the past twenty-five years he has been an active and energetic member of the Utah State Association of County Officials and has been numbered as an extremely honorable and worthy member of this organization, and being one of three charter members remaining in our association, and

WHEREAS, through our close association with Mr. Sharp all County Officers of the State have been greatly edified and benefited by his wise and timely advice and counsel and by his active participation in the affairs of the association and by the high ideals for which he has always stood as expressed by him in our various meetings, and

WHEREAS, it is the desire of the Officers of the Utah Association of County Officials by this means to express to Mr. Sharp's wife and family the love and sympathy of all County Officials in this, their time of bereavement.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that we do extend to the wife, two sons, daughter and family of ALFRED SHARP and to those called upon to mourn by his demise, our heartfelt sympathy and love and may our all wise Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom and

mercy lighten their burden and give them the comfort and the assurance that can come only from God, our Creator, and may He buoy them up in theirsweet memory of their association with a fine and valiant husband, father and loved one.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this organization.

UTAH STATE ASSOCIATION OF COUNTY OFFICIALS

By Arias G. Belnap
President

C. A. Grant
Secretary

To the quietness of this Temple, hallowed by precious memories and consecrated to the search for truth and the service of love, we have come to pay tribute and respect to our dear friend, to our neighbor who has passed beyond the portals of earth's night, into the dawn of life ever lasting.

In this dark hour of grief, we seek consolation in the shelter of the house of worship. In this sanctuary of quiet you who are broken with new sorrow, will find the peace of faith, a hope eternal and solace in the support of sympathetic friends.

I am very proud to stand here today and pay my humble tribute to our friend. I received the request that I say a few words. With mixed emotions, I felt very honored but also very weak and unequal to so important an assignment. In sincere humility I have asked my Heavenly Father to guide my frail efforts and give me the inspiration and the strength to say something, to assemble some thoughts that will be true and comforting to his wife and children, to his sister and brothers and loved ones.

for surely the time will come when you shall again meet and embrace your loved one. All nature is trying to tell us that matter is undestructible, that nothing of truth is ever lost, that in the Plan of Divine Providence, nothing of beauty will ever perish, that grace will abide forever.

By our poor human passions, we may be blind to an unseen motive that is just, we are prone to cry out, that this soul hurt is unfair, that in this strange and tortured Time of Silence, death has closed the door.

Give us the vision to see death, not as the avenger, the destroyer, but rather as an angel of release, guiding us safely to the eternal shores of all tomorrows. Give us the vision of the inspired poet who said:

"Death is only an old door,
Set in a garden wall,
It hangs on gentle hinges,
It swings when thrushes call,
There is nothing to trouble our heart
Nothing to hurt at all,
Death is only an old door,
Set in a Garden Wall."

I pray God that in Thy secret and unfailing way, You enter into the hearts of all that mourn, and assure them of the peace and security of Thy love and keeping, time without end.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

miss Alfred Sharp's service as much as you miss him who are his neighbors and friends.

He loved the outdoors. I have met him on the streams fishing, in Strawberry, after a terrific blow on the lake and no one was able to catch any fish. One of those days when he came from Strawberry without his basket full of fish, no one successful on that day, it was late at night and everybody was tired, battered by the waves, but he was cheerful and he was the same sweet Alfred Sharp as we always saw him. In the finest nature he found pleasure. He enjoyed the actual things about him. I could not help but be reminded of Harrison R. Merrill's little poem, "Let This Be Heaven" which I will read:

"Let This Be Heaven"

Oh, God, let this be Heaven,
I do not ask for golden streets
Or long for jasper walls,
Nor do I sigh for pearly shores
Where twilight never falls;
Just leave me here beside these peaks,
In the rough western land,
I love this dear old world of Thine -
Dear God, you understand.

Oh God, let this be Heaven,
I do not crave white, stainless robes,
I'll keep these marked by toil;
Instead of straight and narrow walls,
I love trails soft with soil;
I have been healed by crystal streams,
Bt these from snow crowned peaks
Where dawn burns incense to the day
And paints the sky in streaks.

Dear God, let this be heaven,
I do not ask for angel wings,
Just leave that old peak there
And let me climb 'til comes the night,
I want no golden stair,
Then, when I say my last adieu,
And all farewells are given
Just leave my spirit here somewhere
Oh, God, let this be Heaven.

Alfred saw God in the natural things, and the beauties of nature about him, had with it all a feeling of the divine. While e enjoyed his sojourn here, I know that in his deepest soul he 'elt that the time of his passing would be a graduation, even unto reater and inspirational things, and so, brothers and sisters, nd friends, my testimony to you now is, that Alfred Sharp has arned this graduation. He has earned these remarkable commence-ent exercises wherein he passes from this duty into the dawn of light, greater, richer and nobler even than he had here. That my testimony and my knowledge.

I know this delightful family will have great solace in the ntemplation of the excellency of this fine man. I know that ey are going to be lonely without him, but I have passed through ese sorrowful times in my life. It has not been so long since lost a beautiful son and since I had that experience I have to ep looking ahead, looking ahead only a few years, few times of ng to bed weary at night, getting up in the morning refreshed few times of trying to do my earthly duties, then I'll pass, There I'll see him and such friends as Alfred Sharp, my brothers sisters.

It is my sincere prayer that the thoughts of this good man's greatness will remain uppermost in the minds of they who loved him, of all of us, because we all loved him, all throughout this intermountain country, those not here today, and that we all may take comfort, and that we will continue, as I am sure we will, for that is what he wants us to do, carry on. May we carry on, following the example he has set for us, and through his influence that we bestow upon those who will succeed us, who ever lived upon this earth, as well as in the Hereafter, exemplify this great and noble soul, I pray in Jesus Name, Amen.

Solo - Margie Provost - accompanied by Ethel Watson

"Dear Old Dad"

Daddy, I've been thinking,
As the evening shadows fall,
It's the twilight hour that you and I lov'd best of all.
'Twas then, when but a little lad,
I climbed upon your knee,
And listened to the stores
That you often toldto me;
Dearest Dad, I cannot tell you
What you meant to me.

Dear Old Dad, the best old pal I ever had,
How often when my heart was sore,
You smoothed my childish troubles o'er.
It seems to me you always knew
The things boys liked the best to do,
Amd always know the way that's best forme to go
O, I wish that I might be
Just like the dad God gave to me.

Daddy, now I know that
When a fellow's feeling sad,
There's no one in the whole, wide world,
Can cheer him like his dad;
And so, I'd like to have you know
I'm thankful as can be,
For, dear old dad, I cannot tell you
What you've meant tome.

Dear Old Dad, the best old pal I ever had,
You taught me how, in every plight,
To stand for what I thought was right,
And when I couldn't understand,
You led the way with kindly hand,
And O, I pray that I may be
Just like the dad God gave to me.

H. Clay Cummings -

e is a little story, part of which I would like to relate. r a story but it declares the truth which may have some n today. The story is centered in the meridian of time avior was upon the earth and it concerns a young man, walked with difficulty by the assistance of crutches, struggle dragged with him a withered leg. He heard that was to visit his town and pleaded with his father and t he might be permitted to go out and to get near the laring that "he knew if he would his leg would be healed". sted but finally gave their permission and he struggled eet and followed the crowd and because of the great were following after the Master, he was unable to get im. The closest he could get to the Savior was when the ered the gates of Gethsemene and went and knelt and prayed. by the entrance of the gate and fell asleep. He was the noise of approaching walking feet and opened his his Master walking by and then the edge of the Savior's d on his withered knee. After the Savior passed down lk a ways, when the boy arose and walked after Him, he

have that opportunity to dance together in Heaven. The Lord bless you, in Jesus name, our Redeemer, Amen.

Duet - Roy Huffaker and Rulon Huntington, accompanied by Ethel.

"Golden Gate"

Sadness comes today, Life is dull and gray
Hearts are heavy, eyes are wet with tears
One more Call has come, One more soul has gone,
Gone to leave but memory through the years.

Golden Gate, Golden Gate, up Above,
Someones waiting, waiting that I love,
When my dear friends I am greeting,
Happy I will be.

Open wide, swing aside, Golden Gate,
I'll be calling, calling to my mate.
To drive away sadness
Bring back gladness
Golden Gate, open for me.

Every day a year, every sigh a tear,
Sadness comes in life to everyone
God is over all, He has sent His call
And another soul is going Home.

Bishop Leonard Giles -

My brothers and sisters, at the conclusion of these services, in behalf of this family, I wish to thank all that have taken part in any way in this service, or anyone who has assisted the family during the illness and death of their loved one.

Benediction - Floyd Kinsey

Our Father in Heaven, at the close of these beautiful services, we bow our heads before Thee in the service of our brother and neighbor, Alfred Sharp, and we are grateful unto Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the words that have been spoken this day,